A Daughter of Firenze

ROSAMOND S. HAMMER

A DAUGHTER OF FIRENZE

HARRIETTE MEARS WINCHESTER

1846

A Daughter of Firenze

AN ACCOUNT OF MY MOTHER'S
CHILDHOOD IN ITALY

by

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TO MY MOTHER

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Ever since my own earliest days, nothing has ever seemed more romantic to me than Mother's childhood. The great wealth of detail which she remembered, the gay way in which she told the different incidents, the melodious Italian songs, sung in her sweet *simpatica* voice, all made an impression which has never lost its great charm for me. Because of the intensity of the hold her Italian life has had upon me, I have tried to gather together what facts I could.

My initial draft contained just my own recollections, reënforced by dates from Aunt Fanny's "Winchester Notes." Many additional details have been given me in recent talks with Mother and Aunt Florence, without whom there would have been no book. One of the charming features to me is the music and for this I am indebted to my nephew, Robert W. Gibb. To him I sang the songs; he then wrote out the music and the accompaniments and he has prepared the songs for the printer.

While I have written this as a labor of love, I am not without the hope that this narrative may give pleasure to my relatives and to friends who are interested in the family.

R. S. H.

Elverhøi, Dec. 1, 1924.

EARLIEST CHILDHOOD

My mother's mother was left a young widow—not quite thirty years of age—with four little girls; indeed Charlotte was not born until three months after her father's death. At that time, 1846, living expenses were much less abroad than in this country, so my grandmother decided to bring up her four little girls in Italy and settled on Florence where there was a charming and literary English colony—of which more anon.

I imagine that when she arrived there she knew sufficient French and Italian to enable her to read easily but not to speak. Mother has often told of the way in which her mother, "Mamma" as she always called her, learned to speak both French and Italian. She learned by heart the whole of Mme. de Staël's "Corinne" and the whole of Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi." Small wonder that when she had accomplished those two feats of memory the two languages were at her command.

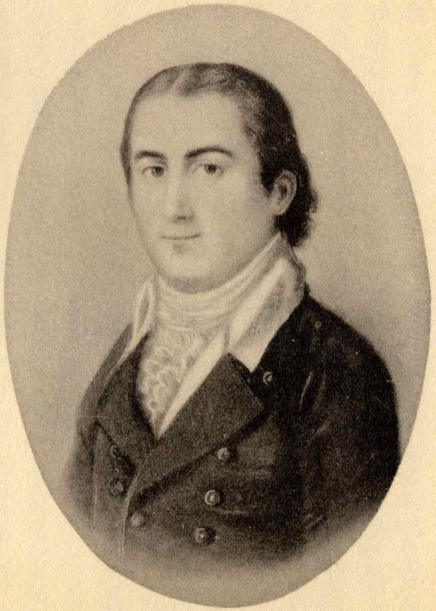
It was not very long after reaching Italy that she met, was fascinated by, and married (1847) my grandfather, the Chevalier Nicolas Théodore de Karajan. He was a Greek whose family manufactured exquisite fine linens in Dresden. We have two little miniature portraits of his

parents, painted when his mother was about nineteen. I have always loved those two little pictures and I think that Mother greatly resembles them, especially her grandfather. Until recently that was all we knew of his family—we did not even know their names—but in December, 1920, there came to us a complete de Karajan genealogy, most beautifully assembled. The many photographs of portraits and of old family houses add to the interest and value of the book.

Aunt Florence and Mother were born, February 9, 1848 and May 3, 1849, respectively, Aunt Florence at the Bagni di Lucca and Mother in Florence. Mother was given her mother's name, Harriet—Grandmother spelling it *tte*—but Mother using the simpler and more usual spelling. She also had, as did Aunt Florence, the surname of her sisters, so that her name as a young girl was Harriet Winchester de Karajan, and when she married, she still kept the Winchester, Harriet Winchester Swan. As a little girl I used to wish that Mother had given me her surname; it was so romantic and unusual. The initials "H. de K." on Mother's old round-topped trunk were a source of constant gratification to me and made a new trunk marked "H. W. S." seem commonplace.

ANGELICA DE KARAJAN
1805

NICOLAS
THÉODORE
DE KARAJAN
1861



NICOLAUS CHARISIUS DE KARAJAN
1805

But while Mother was in Italy she had the Italian form of the name, Enrichetta, from which came her nickname of Hetta, so much lovelier than the usual Hattie. As I remember, it was Aunt Marion who used to call her "dear little Chetta" (true Italian pronunciation) and so through Hetta, also Italian, it became Hetta. Curiously enough it never occurred to me until recently to inquire what the other sisters were called. Then I found that Florence was wonderfully softened,—not to a semblance of Firenze,—but to Flore, impossible to describe in a purely English accent but most alluring on an Italian tongue. Aunt Charlotte was, quite naturally, Carlotta and Aunt Susy, Susy, or Suse. Fanny was Fannì with the accent on the last syllable and Marion was sometimes Marianna, but more familiarly Meme. This is much in sound like the Mamie her daughter Marion was called but oh, so different in connotation.

Mother's very earliest recollection is of the Villa Laghisver' (spelling guessed at by both of us). This had a mysterious cellar-way where tools and garden implements were kept at the bottom of the flight of steps, and the children were warned by their Italian nurse never to go near the place, as the devil lived there. The devil, by the way, is

a very important personage to an Italian; we all know of the making of the horns (*fare le corna*) with the extended forefinger and little finger to ward off the "evil eye." One day little Florence, not more than four years old, dropped a precious wooden cow down this cellar-way. She and Hetta debated earnestly as to whether they dared face the devil and rescue the beloved cow, but finally discretion got the upper hand and they left the dear cow to His Satanic Majesty while they sought safety in a more cheerful part of the grounds.

The second floor—the *piano nobile*—of the beautiful Villa Ginori, owned by Prince Ginori, a wealthy manufacturer of china, is the home around which cluster most of Mother's early recollections. One end of the house was on the narrow Via Mattonaia, (Brickyard Street), the rest extended into a beautiful garden which reached to the next street. There was the gateway through which the carriages of visitors rolled, and all around the garden was a high wall. One side of the wall, indeed, was the wall of the City,—a low parapet on the outside so that the passers-by could look over and down below in the garden where were the little girls.

FLORE CHETTA

Ca. 1852

An ideal place for children to play, with its fruit trees, its vineyards, and its flowers, its charm was still further enhanced by a small store kept by the porter, in the porter's lodge. Here the children could spend their pennies—and buy a bit of barley candy—*pasticche d'orzo*—possibly a toy. In true Italian style the cook used to sally forth every morning with her basket—*sporta*—on her arm to buy provisions for the day. Often the little girls—always in need of increasing the size of their families of dolls—would commission her to bring home yet another. These dolls, costing about a penny, were of wood, and endlessly varied and interesting. For some unknown reason Mother's special doll house was a stove, never used for fires, but peculiarly delightful to Mother because she alone, of all the children, could play with matches.

From the windows of the dining room, a gloomy apartment with two large windows on the Via Mattonaia, the children used to look down and watch for the beggars, of whom there were always so many in the Florentine streets. When the beggars appeared the children would run to the pantry for bread, cake, any food, which they would then throw down into the upstretched

waiting hands. But if the governess discovered this generosity, as she often did, a scolding would ensue.

A very wealthy American bachelor, Mr. Livingston, lived on the ground floor. He had many horses and dogs, and used to say that his horses were all the wife he needed and that his dogs were his children. My grandmother did not consider it suitable for the little girls to go alone to Mr. Livingston's apartment and this was strictly forbidden. One day Florence, not yet six years of age, slipped away unobserved and did visit Mr. Livingston and some adorable puppies. What little girl could resist soft, appealing little puppies? On her return she went to the *Stanza di Fondo*—the room at the end of the long corridor where the children played—and throwing herself down on the roomy old sofa, pretended to be asleep when her mother appeared. Not only had Florence disobeyed and gone to see Mr. Livingston, but she had deceitfully pretended that all the time she had been peacefully slumbering in the *Stanza di Fondo.* Her mother knew better and Florence then received the one and only spanking she ever had from her mother.

On the upper floor of the Villa Ginori lived Signora Viglezzi, the mistress of a small school.

Ca. 1856

Her daughter, Signora Sophia, was married, hence quite interesting to the little girls. Her son, Signor Carlino, a handsome young Italian, unusually blond, taught writing, setting very beautiful examples for the children to copy. It was here that Mother, when she was about three years old, had her first experience of schooling. "Going upstairs to school" seemed so easy to me who walked a mile each way to school for so many years.

Signor Carlino died when he was sixteen—Mother was three or four—and her first very vivid recollection is of the funeral procession of that young lad, winding down the paths of the garden—at night. Indeed the children were all waked up and taken out on the balcony in order that they might not miss the sight. All was mysterious! the mourners wore black cowls with openings only for the eyes; the torches which they carried bobbed and flared fitfully; their solemn chanting rose mournfully on the still night air. No wonder that scene in the darkness remained vividly in the impressionable mind of little Chetta. As for me, I can almost see that slow moving procession, so clear the early impression Mother's account of it made upon me.

The apartment must have been a beautiful one

with the dining room at one end on the Via Mattonaia; the two beautifully furnished parlors, each, a corner room on the garden; and then the row of bedrooms, with the long balcony outside, also on the garden; and at the end of the corridor, the children's play room, always known as the *Stanza di Fondo.* These rooms all looked upon the lovely garden which was so large that it housed two peasant families. Mother remembers her mother's bedroom, the wall covering being an exquisite pale yellow satin decorated with Chinese landscapes where walked or sat little Chinese figures. The figures were most fascinating to Florence and Hetta, for they had faces of ivory and these could upon occasion be picked off and played with. In another room the hangings were of black velvet with gold stars.

It was here that one time after a dinner party Florence and Hetta could not be found until finally someone thought of looking under the dining room table where the little girls, always inseparable, were lying fast asleep. The young rascals had been sampling the wine left in the glasses of the guests. I wonder if that was to them a greater treat than the brandied cherries,—*ciliege in quazzo,*—of which on rare occasions the governess would give them each one. On ordinary

occasions when they were hungry, they were allowed to have dry bread between meals, but this they made more attractive by dipping it in the olive oil in a *lucerna.* There was one other thing which the children were allowed to eat and this was the grapes, which Grandmother bought *on the vines* so that the little girls could pluck and eat them whenever they wished.

They must have been living in the same apartment when Mother saw her first snow. Childlike she went into raptures over it and wanted to give it that high honor given only to most dearly beloved playthings. She carefully filled a tin box with that cool whiteness and then took it to bed with her—or did she, as she thinks, shut it up in the closet? At any rate her mother found it, and bitter were the tears shed when it had to be taken away.

Aunt Florence tells me that Grandmother carried the good old New England custom of a Christmas tree to Florence, modified to suit the exigencies of the situation. On the piano was placed a little orange tree, lovely with its own fragrant flowers and golden fruit and decorated in true Christmas style. Around it were the packages always mysterious and alluring to little folks, done up neatly and tied with different

colored strings. Each little girl had a color assigned to her so that she could easily find her own gifts.

Their summers were frequently spent on the Mediterranean shore at Viareggio, and Mother remembers playing on the sand; but she also remembers being taken by her nurse into a house where she saw a beautiful wax doll, lying in a white lined box, surrounded by flowers. It was Mother's first experience of death, for what seemed like a lovely wax doll was really a little dead baby.

It was in these earliest years that Charlotte, Florence and Hetta began their career as the "Three Little Ones" as distinguished from Marion, Fanny and Susy who were so nearly grown up. Indeed it is Fanny whom Mother remembers as the one to whom they all went for a bump or a cut finger or whatever ill or need of childhood it might be, for their relations with their mother were what we should consider formal; for instance, they never kissed her face but always her hand. It was Florence who was so tender-hearted and so devoted to little Hetta, that if Hetta had done wrong and was about to be punished, Florence would fall on her knees

before her mother and beg her not to punish her little sister.

The Three Little Ones were usually dressed alike, to Mother's regret for she was always wearing "hand-me-downs." Was there ever, I wonder, the youngest of six sisters who did not wear "hand-me-downs"? I always think of the Three Little Ones as wearing plaid; this I presume is because the dear little picture of Mother, taken when she was about eight, is in a quaint plaid dress. They did, however, wear little striped ginghams for play, with white dresses for Sundays.

VISIT TO AMERICA

SEVEN TO TWELVE YEARS OF AGE

Somewhere in the first seven years of Mother's life my grandmother and grandfather were divorced, for incompatibility of temper, as I have been told. Mother does not remember her father at all. He presently married Clara King, a niece of the great economist, John Stuart Mill, and lived with her in Dresden. There were born the four children, Stephanie, Helen, Alma, and Arthur. Aunt Florence lived with them at one time when she was a young girl, and has seen them on various trips to Europe. Mother never has seen them or corresponded with them, nor have Marion or I. I remember that when the German Arthur von Karajan was married we received an elaborate engraved announcement giving both his ancestry and that of his bride. And later when he died there came a wide black bordered announcement—von Karajan—rank and regiment—but no first name. I believe that he never had any children and none of his sisters ever married.

Soon after being divorced from my grandfather, Grandmother became interested in a handsome Italian, some fifteen years her junior—or more likely he became interested in her, for

Grandmother's fortune in those days bulked large in the eyes of a covetous Italian.

She decided on visiting America, but, in order to be free from the embarrassment of a family of six daughters, she embarked them aboard a sailing vessel while she remained behind to conclude her love affair with the handsome Mr. Matteini.

That voyage of fifty-nine days in the three-masted ship, *Queen Victoria,* across the Atlantic from Leghorn to New York, has always stood out in my mind as the greatest achievement of Mother's childhood. The two keynotes to it, and indeed to all the five years spent in America, are "grand piano" and "Italian governess." Wherever those sisters went it was the grand piano and the Italian governess who created the excitement for so many times they two were the first of their species seen by wondering eyes.

Aunt Marion, who was quite a grown young lady at that time, and musical as throughout her life, played excellently well upon the piano. Grandmother thought that she would be unhappy without her piano and so purchased a new grand which was placed upon the ship for Marion's entertainment. Its condition on reaching America might have been foreseen by a mind more practical and less impulsive than my grandmother's.

Since I have come to years of discretion I have had great respect for Signora Teresa, the Italian governess. She must have been an exceedingly adequate and capable woman, with force of character and executive ability—no one else could have managed those six girls—the beautiful older ones just budding into handsome womanhood and the three lively jabbering little ones. So all honor, say I, to Signora Teresa, who left her sunny Italy for New England winters and who must have been the mainstay of the family for the ensuing four years. Then she returned to Italy and is no more heard of in the annals of the six sisters.

There are a few incidents of that long voyage that remain in my mind. They were becalmed in the Mediterranean for several days, thus making that long sail across the Atlantic even longer than necessary. When the vigorous Signora Teresa wished the Three Little Ones to have baths, the good-natured English Captain made all easy for her, and fascinating in its novelty for the children. A tent improvised from a sail was set up on deck—next a hogshead was placed in the tent and filled with sea water, and into this the little girls were popped one after another to their great joy, a kind of bath so delightful that

Mother never forgot them. Mother's capacity for remembering details recalls that the cargo was marble and rags, that the mate was Mr. Flynn, and that the stewardess, Rosa, kept a string tied around a large mole on her neck in the hope of removing the offending blemish.

Another feature of the voyage which she remembers in detail is "Marion's Lovers." Apparently every unattached male upon the boat proposed to Aunt Marion before the trip was over. Mother knows their names and can even describe their several appearances, whether ruddy of cheek and black of whisker, or pale of eye and blond of hair. All I can remember is that they were apparently legion—also that Marion accepted none of them, though doubtless the presence of so many swains greatly enlivened the monotonous days, all so much alike at sea.

Since writing this it is a real disappointment to learn, on talking with Mother, that the lovers were only two! One was a long-haired, blond, violin-playing artist, the charming Southern Mr. Boggs, who ardently desired Marion and who languished on her refusal. Later, and this just shows how small the world is, a cousin of this identical Mr. Boggs married Uncle Bradford's sister, Sophia Sargent. The other, a German

CATHERINE RAYMOND MEARS

student, Kraus by name, the dark one, was a political exile. He had "just escaped with his life"—or his head—the Little Ones heard, and they used to walk round and round him, carefully examining his neck to find the marks where his head had been so nearly cut off.

In the summer of 1856, the sailing vessel finally, after fifty-nine days at sea, docked at New York, where Uncle Granville Mears met them and took them to the old Hotel Astor, hard by Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, and long since torn down. The negro boys who came to take their bags terrified Hetta, who had never seen in Italy a gentleman of color and who thought that surely now the devil was after her. And inside the hotel came another scream of terror from Hetta, who seating herself in her first rocking-chair, was unprepared for the sudden movement.

In the evening came also, Grandmother's unmarried sister, Aunt Cathy, who seemed, to sleepy little Hetta, like her lovely Mamma, and together they all went to Boston to Grandfather and Grandmother Mears, who welcomed these strange and even unknown grandchildren with true and loving hospitality and took them all—grand piano and Italian governess included—

home to a house which must have been quite overcrowded. Here the children stayed nearly two years until finally their beautiful and witty and quite irresponsible mother came, in 1858, with her Italian bridegroom, once more to take upon herself the care of a family.

Giuseppe Carlo Matteini was an Italian of the extremely dark type, olive skin, red lips, white teeth, a very handsome man who in the gorgeous uniform of the Guardia Nobile, the famous body-guard of Pope Pius IX, looked striking indeed. I found* that the Guardia Nobile were created by Pope Pius IX (1800-1823) "from that portion of the Roman nobility which has not deserted the Papal Court for the Court of the King." The total guard consists of sixty-three men; six officers, nine colonels, and forty-eight noble guards, and formed the original body-guard of the Pope, riding beside his carriage, accompanying him on journeys, and attending state functions. The Palatine Guard are recruited from the petty bourgeoisie, and these two guards are for court rather than military functions. The Swiss Guard is the military paid guard. The Guardia Nobile is the closest to the pope's person and play a very

* "The Secrets of the Vatican" by Douglas Sladen, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1911, p. 104ff.

prominent part at all functions, as at the funeral services of a pope or at the consistory electing a new pope. Since 1870 they wear only the undress uniform—black coat with gold epaulettes, dark blue trousers, steel helmet with gold crest, and a gold cross belt with an ornament bearing the letters, G. N. P.—Guardia Nobile Papale. Formerly their full dress uniform was the scarlet coat braided with gold, white breeches, tall riding boots and a steel helmet with gold crest and, I think, a flowing white plume. This is what Mr. Matteini wore.

It is only within a year or two that Mother described to me her grandmother's house and how the many children were packed in to the small quarters. The house stood on Chapman Place near the Parker House in what was in the fifties a fine residential part of the city, hard as it is to realize that today. It was one of those double houses which stood back to back and end to the street. Dr. Edward Everett Hale* described it as the "huge double house, on the southeast side, shaded by noble elms and occupied on

* "School Street in 1830" by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D. Dictated for Rev. Henry F. Jenks, 1895. Printed in the Proceedings of the Bostonian Society at the Annual Meeting, Jan. 16, 1923, p. 35.

one side by Elijah Mears and on the other side by Jonathan Kilham, who were partners in the business of tailors." A flight of steps from the garden led to the front door in the center of the house. There was also a narrow strip of garden, flower beds and shrubs, between the house and the iron railing along the sidewalk, and an immense plane tree which overshadowed the whole house.

At the left of the center hall, with two windows on the street and one opening on the garden, was the parlor, and in this parlor stood the marble topped console table which we always had in our hall and which Marion now has in hers. At the right was the dining room, really the sitting room of the family. It was here they gathered in the evening round the open fire (all the rooms indeed had fireplaces) and here that Grandfather sat reading.

Over the dining room was the room occupied by my great-grandparents, and still over their room was Aunt Cathy's which she shared with one of the older girls, Susy. The room over the parlor was the spare bedroom and there Signora Teresa and Aunt Marion, always great friends, slept in the big four-poster bed while the two youngest children, Florence and Hetta, were

FLORE

CARLOTTA

CHETTA

THE THREE LITTLE ONES

tucked into the trundle-bed, pulled out from beneath the big bed for their occupancy at night. This seems to leave still two sisters unaccounted for and I must suppose that Fanny and Charlotte occupied the room opposite Aunt Cathy's on the third floor. Grandmother Mears' house, seemingly unendingly elastic, was not stretched still more to take in her daughter and her new husband. They boarded near by.

I called the Three Little Ones the "jabbering" ones. That was very literally true in the sense in which we so often use the word—jabbering in a foreign language. Just imagine how it added to Grandmother Mears' complications to have in her house three little granddaughters and an Italian governess, not one of whom spoke a word of English. Utmost efforts on Grandmother Mears' part failed to make Signora Teresa proficient in English; but the little girls were immediately sent to school in Boston, and being very much ashamed of their Italian, promptly learned English. Mother says that the other children used to point the finger at them and jeer "There go those Eye-talians!" In six months time English came as easily to little seven year old Hetta as French or Italian, and of course she spoke all three languages without a trace of accent.

They were sent at first to a small private school, corner of Joy and Derne Streets, kept by Miss Wasson, and later to the Bowdoin School, a public grammar school. I believe that the Three Little Ones all went to school together. Aunt Susy, being older, was sent to the well known, fashionable school for young ladies, on Temple Place, where the Provident Institution for Savings now stands. Mr. Henry Williams was the head of the school and if I am not mistaken, it was his brother who married a French lady and who was Rosamond Williams' grandfather.

There is only one incident relating to those early school days which I remember and that is one cold frosty morning some mischievous boy told Mother to put her tongue on the iron lamp-post. Mother did, but just how she got it off I do not know. Of course those little girls brought up in Italy knew nothing of real cold, although the cold rooms and the stone floors of Florence often meant chilblains and suffering. But Grandmother Mears knew that little girls must be comfortable, so for each one of them she had made pretty, warm double-gowns, literally made of two thicknesses of material. These the children were allowed to wear to breakfast Sunday morning, before putting on their best church dresses.

Mother, as the littlest of the Three Little Ones, was given a high chair at table at Grandmother Mears' and was duly proud of the honor. She had never seen a high chair before.

Recently, in talking with Mother, she has recalled another incident of those days in Boston and Aunt Florence contributes still another.

In a small wooden house at the foot of Grandfather Mears' garden, lived an old lady, Mrs. Littlefield, who sometimes did sewing for the family. One night her house was on fire. Preparatory to a possible abandonment of their house, the children were all told to dress, in their new dresses, while Aunt Cathy packed the family silver and the church silver. Alas for the romantic ones who wanted to sleep in the neighbors' houses, the fire was put out and the children, disappointed, were sent back to bed.

Aunt Florence's story tells of the time when she was lost, all alone in the streets of Boston. Mother, desolate at Florence's absence, could not eat her favorite pineapple, a fruit which she had never had in Italy, which they had for supper. Search was made by all the family, including James, Grandfather's man, who used to bring each day from the office a small wooden trunk, containing, Mother imagines, money. Florence,

weeping, could only answer to inquiries that she lived with "Miss Miss," the nearest she could get to Mrs. Mears. Finally Miss Nellie Underwood, sister of Sarah Underwood, recognized the beautiful little girl as Marion Winchester's sister and she was duly brought home to her anxious family.

Still another instance of Mother's keen memory, this time at the age of seven, is a poem written by her grandmother thanking a certain gentleman for his gift.

"Accept the thanks of Mrs. Mears,
Who has reached the age of eighty years,
For the barrel of apples you did send,
In token of an earthly friend.
Such apples rarely can be found
As grow upon your beauteous ground.
May holier fruit be borne by thee,
Which will last to all Eternity."

One time while they were living with Grandmother Mears, Uncle Bradford, from a window in the Parker House, saw these attractive little girls playing in the big garden. Little did he then think that later one of them, Florence, would become his wife.

On December 30, 1858, the oldest of the lovely sisters, Marion, was married to Mr. George H. Kingsbury, of Kennebunk, Maine. Uncle Gran-

ville gave her the wedding at his handsome house, No. 21 Somerset Street. Mother and Aunt Florence, nine and ten years of age, were bridesmaids, very proud in their white dresses with sashes brocaded with gold, and, I imagine, two very lovely, dark-haired, dark-eyed little girls. Aunt Charlotte, a trifle older, had her sash brocaded in silver. Mother, to be sure, felt that she was the all important one at the wedding—the beheld of all beholders—and was correspondingly embarrassed when she discovered her petticoat showing a bit below the fluff of her short tarlatan skirt.

For some reason we children, Marion, Walter and I, never called Mr. Kingsbury, Uncle George; I suppose because Mother always spoke of him as Mr. Kingsbury, in the formal manner of those times. I remember him as a tall white-haired gentleman, with a white moustache, piercing black eyes and a prominent nose, and quite deaf. As a young man he was very handsome and charming.

This year, 1858, meant a breaking up of the family. Grandfather Mears was gathered to his forefathers in March; his widow sold the fine old estate on Chapman Place and went with her unmarried daughter, Aunt Cathy, to live around

the corner at the Montgomery House. Because of these changes, and probably as an aftermath of the panic of 1857, there was need to economize, and my grandmother decided that living would be cheaper in Montpelier, Vermont, than in Boston. So after the marriage of the eldest daughter, my grandmother took her other daughters, the Italian governess, the famous grand piano, and, if I am not mistaken, the handsome Mr. Matteini, to Vermont to economize. It is needless to say that bevy of handsome girls created a sensation in Vermont's quiet little capital.

As Mother always told the story of her mother, I have a vision before me of my very beautiful grandmother sitting in a comfortable chair, with the billowy skirts of the early sixties spread in sheeny folds of silk or satin about her, and reading. Always reading—novel after novel—yes, and more substantial works too—histories and biographies—French, English, Italian, day after day, a volume a day—and economizing! Be very sure that this was economizing! To no one else but my grandmother would the wearing of silk dresses and the reading of novels even faintly suggest economizing. But that was just what she was doing. Fanny and Signora Teresa could do

all that was needed for the children. Grandmother took care of herself, and very possibly of Mr. Matteini, though I believe that even before then, her fortune had failed to come up to his expectations, and the disparity in ages—particularly trying to a woman of her jealous, exacting disposition—had led to unpleasant complications.

Mother always poked a little fun at Grandmother for her lack of practical ways and her inability to do the commonplaces of life. I believe that not one of her daughters, and most certainly none of her grandchildren, could, as the phrase goes, hold a candle to her. Her daughters were all beautiful,—some extraordinarily so,—but not one had the brilliancy of mind or the readiness of wit, or the facility of expression that my grandmother had. And if she seemed somewhat ready to turn over to others the care of her children in the everyday details of life, yet she gave them sound bodies, simplicity of ways and the advantage of life in Italy. If she seemed selfish, sitting in silks and reading novels, yet she was kindness itself, and when her heart was touched, acted with impetuous generosity. At one time, she listened to an impassioned appeal for funds to carry on some missionary work. She had no money with

her but when the plate was passed, she did not hesitate to drop into it her gold watch and long chain.

A similar story Mother tells about Aunt Charlotte. She had lost a pet canary and in order to obtain another she cheerfully gave her playmate, Belle Jones of Northfield, the opal and diamond ring Bradley Winchester had given her, in exchange for Belle's canary.

The year in Montpelier was spent at the Pavilion Hotel, the one hotel of the city. Back of this hotel rose abruptly a high hill, a source of much wonderment to Mother who often wished that she might go to the top of the hill, and see the world on the other side.

The following year, for some reason I do not know, Grandmother decided to try a smaller town for economizing, and accordingly established her family in the Northfield Hotel, in Northfield, Vermont. Here rain or shine, snow or no snow, every day the girls, the Three Little Ones, had to walk with Signora Teresa the mile between Northfield and Northfield Center and back again. No wonder they were healthy, happy children.

One bright October afternoon as they trudged along the country road, they spied and greatly

desired some beautiful red apples lying in great piles under the trees in a certain orchard. Signora Teresa made them politely ask the farmer's kindly wife if they might have some.

"Yes, indeed, my dears, take all you want," the unsuspecting lady replied, and went on with her household duties. If she had looked out half an hour later she would have seen the three children and the Italian governess staggering under their load of apples; pockets, hats, aprons all filled to the straining-point and to cap the climax, Signora Teresa's shawl, taken off and positively bulging, so heavily was it filled. But she did not look out then, and the next day those grasping children were back for more, for they had not yet taken "all they wanted." I have often wondered how many times the good woman thought of her vanished apples, and what she said to the next child who asked, "Please may I have an apple?"

Here in April, 1861, under Aunt Fanny's direction, Charlotte and Florence were confirmed in the Episcopal church. Hetta was considered too young, though not in her own estimation, be it well understood. Susy at that time was teaching in New Haven. She had left instructions for important mail to be forwarded to her, and somehow the Three Little Ones, fast growing into

big ones, took it upon themselves to pass upon her mail. When a love letter—a real proposal of marriage came from the Reverend Mr. Bennett—there was considerable debate among the three girls before they decided it to be of sufficient importance to forward.

Years afterwards in 1902, when Aunt Charlotte, Mother and I were spending the summer at Canaan Street, New Hampshire, Aunt Charlotte invited us to go with her to revisit the Vermont scenes of their childhood. We spent one night at the Pavilion Hotel and drove about the city. My chief impression of Montpelier is of many hills with the streets of the cheerful little city winding around the foot of one hill after another. And I can quite understand Mother's interest concerning the other side of the hill back of the hotel for it certainly did go straight up back of the building to quite an awe-inspiring height.

In Northfield we succeeded as we had failed in Montpelier, in finding someone whom Aunt Charlotte and Mother had known when they were children, and we had a very pleasant call at her house. She was a Mrs. Nichols, the druggist's wife, whom they remembered when she first came to Northfield as a beautiful bride. She gave us the key of the little church so that we could enter and

HARRIETTE MEARS MATTEINI

see again where Aunt Charlotte had been confirmed and where Aunt Fanny used to teach Sunday School.

Of course we had to take the famous trip between Northfield and Northfield Center. We walked along the pleasant country road, round the little square or green of the Center, and so back to our night at the Northfield Hotel. If I am not mistaken the Pavilion Hotel is the same building in which they stayed in 1861, but the Northfield Hotel had been burned and a new one erected on the same site. In 1920 when we were motoring in Northfield we learned that the hotel had very recently been burned.

RETURN TO ITALY

TWELVE TO SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE

The severe winters of Northern Vermont and the quiet society could not long hold my grandmother who had been used to the sunshine and the brilliant life of Florence, so she decided to return to Italy with the three younger daughters and the rather cumbersome, handsome young husband. For him, she had, through some judicious pulling of political wires, obtained the post of Vice-consul at Florence, where Mr. Thomas Bigelow Lawrence was the Consul-general, so that on their return in the fall of 1861, they were thrown directly in diplomatic circles.

Aunt Marion, with her rapidly increasing family, remained in Boston, while Aunt Fanny and Aunt Susy both remained in New Haven teaching French and Italian in Miss Dutton's School, in the building corner of Grove Street and Whitney Avenue, known now as Grove Hall, that eminently respectable boarding house. Before their mother and sisters returned from Italy five years later, both these handsome young women had been married, Aunt Susy in October 1865, to Simeon E. Baldwin, and the next year, May 1866, Aunt Fanny to Justus S. Hotchkiss.

The voyage back to Italy, although it too was on a sailing vessel, from New York to Leghorn—

occupying this time a mere trifle of thirty-seven days—must have been entirely commonplace for it was always passed over without comment in any descriptions Mother gave of her childhood. To be sure the new American consul to Leghorn, Mr. Brown, was on board with his beautiful young wife, but even the charms of a bridal couple could not give this voyage the fascination of the first experience at sea.

On their return to Florence the three girls were immediately sent to the Deaconesses' School and there Mother remained as long as they were in Italy. This was a famous school, founded by Germans, and was still in existence as a young ladies' finishing school when Mother revisited it in 1911-12. Just recently Mother described to me in detail the Deaconess' costume. It was worn by all alike, by Soeur Anna, the head of the school, by all the teachers, Soeur Claire, Soeur Rose and Soeur Victoire, and by all the servants. Mother said it was as hard for her to tell them apart as it was negroes or I might add, Chinamen. The dresses were of dark blue cambric with small light blue dots at intervals of three-quarters of an inch all over it. The skirts were made long, full, and plain, while the plain full waists had long sleeves;

stiff while turn-back cuffs and turn-down collars, and long plain full gathered white aprons were always a part of the uniform. All this would not have been confusing, but the final touch was a cap of white net, made like a baby's bonnet, with a ruffle of the net all around the face and with strings tied under the chin. This was always worn, adapted for outdoor wear by the addition of a plain dark bonnet worn over the cap but still leaving the little frill of net about the face.

The curriculum of the school would leave much to be desired from our modern American point of view, but very likely, for all I know, it has been much changed since those days of the early sixties. As far as Mother's account goes, the lessons, which were of course in French, were mostly mythology. Apparently they never got any further in history—or much further—and there seemed to be a frequent return to mythology. Mother to this day gives the French pronunciation to Alcibiades, and Miltiades. Arithmetic seems to have been extremely rudimentary and Mother's one recollection of English seems to be the sad experience of Sir John Bunbury's son. The regular English instructor was ill, and Sir John Bunbury's son, a bashful young man in

his early twenties, undertook to fill the vacancy. The class of gay girls—fifteen and sixteen years of age—received their lesson demurely enough, but at the end of the hour they were filled with wicked glee as the inexperienced young teacher, not knowing how to take leave of a class of young ladies, shook each one by the hand. I believe that very shortly, Sir John Bunbury's son was replaced by a teacher, the charming Mr. McNab, who, if he possessed no more English, at least possessed more *savoir faire*.

The school and the school lessons to my childish mind did not seem much unlike my own studies, but the school girls were a source of immense interest to me. Mother used to say that there were girls of almost every nationality assembled there, and the list as she used to give it certainly bore out her statement. My memory of course is faulty, but even I can remember Sophie Wagner, the Swiss with the frizzy light hair; Sascha Baranovska, the Russian; Lucile Argiropoulo, the Greek; Olivia Ward, the beautiful curly haired and gray-eyed American whose picture Mother has, and of whom she heard recently that she was living in Morristown, New Jersey, unmarried and devoted to her High

CHARLOTTE

SUSY

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FANNY

Episcopal Church; and Sidney Lever, the charming witty daughter of the brilliant Irish novelist, Charles Lever.

Indeed Mother did add to the list, when I asked her. There was, to go far afield, Augustine Odicini, the South American; Sophie Paris, the appropriately named French girl; the two very nice Scotch sisters, the Gemmells; the charming English girls, Clara Birch and her sister, both of whom married the half English, half Italian, Caccia brothers, and made Florence their permanent home; and the especially beloved Mary Belle Page, whose sister, Lily, married an Italian marquis. When Mother and Marion were in Florence in 1912, and wandering in the English cemetery, Mother came across the stone marking the grave of her old schoolmate—the Marchesa—Lily Page.

As a rule the English and American girls kept together in little cliques, as schoolgirls will, leaving the "foreigners" to themselves.

In fact this grouping together of the English-speaking residents of Florence was not confined to the schoolgirls, but extended to their elders, and the brilliant literary group of men and women who gathered there, had much, I imagine,

to do with my grandmother's fondness for Florence.

My grandmother herself, with her pure exquisite beauty, her wide reading and retentive memory, her charm and ready gifts as a conversationalist, was no mean addition to the cultured English society of Florence. Both the Trollopes, Anthony and T. Adolphus, spent considerable time in Florence, but the latter practically made it his home. He was perhaps my grandmother's most intimate friend. In Mother's little photograph album, given her by Alfred Austin, with the Florentine mosaic, a pink rose on the outside, there is a picture of the two brothers sitting side by side. The poet, Walter Savage Landor, an old gentleman at the time, lived in Florence and his daughter was one of my grandmother's most intimate friends.

Another picture in Mother's album is that of Alfred Austin, who in after years became England's poet laureate. He was at that time in his early thirties and the little photograph shows him resplendent with black side whiskers. He was a poet even then, and he was much fascinated by the dark eyes and soft smiles of fifteen year old Hetta. On his return to England he wrote her

constantly, long letters. Mother unfortunately has not kept any, but there is an autograph signature on the back of the little photograph.

There is another case of the discarding of autograph letters, which I, who am extremely interested in my own small collection of autographs, greatly regret. It seems that the house in Bagni di Lucca in which Aunt Florence was born, had at one time been occupied by Shelley. The landlord had many of the great poet's letters, business letters to be sure, but immensely valuable autograph letters. Several of these he gave to my grandmother who with her usual generosity gave one after another away.

There is, however, one famous letter which is still in the family and preserved as a great heirloom, and I may as appropriately speak of it here as anywhere. While my grandmother was in Italy the second time she wrote letters, delightful racy letters, describing life and conditions in Italy. These were published at the time in one of the Boston newspapers, and later Aunt Fanny collected them and had them published in book form, "Letters from Italy" by Harriette Matteini. One of these letters described the position and doings of Garibaldi, and he was so much

pleased with the tenor of the letter that he wrote to my grandmother thanking her. He also wished to see her and she used to tell of the pleasant little interview she had with him. She was very proud of these incidents.

The letter when I saw it belonged to Aunt Charlotte and was carefully framed with glass on both sides.

Returning to the celebrities of Florence, our own Dean of Letters, who has so recently left us, William Dean Howells, was at that time in Florence. His wife, Eleanor Mead, whom he married in Paris in 1862, was the sister of Larkin Mead, the sculptor. His wife was an Italian. They were all good friends of my grandmother and her children. Later when the Howells were living in Sacramento Street in Cambridge, Mother saw considerable of them.

Hiram Powers, the sculptor, was also in Florence, with his son, Longworth Powers. They so admired Mother's lovely hand that the son, a photographer, took a picture of it while Hiram Powers made a cast. I wonder where that pretty cast is now. I should like to have it. Mother's hands have always been one of her great beauties. Still another American sculptor, Joel Hart, made a cast of the pretty hands.

There was one friend in Florence, who was not a great literary light, but who was dearer and more beloved than any or than all of the others. This was Mrs. Ritchie. She was Miss Anna Cora Ogden of New York, who, unable to share the sentiments of her Southern husband, Mr. Mowatt, at the outbreak of the Civil War, left America for Italy. There she remained permanently. While she was still quite young Mr. Mowatt died and his widow presently became Mrs. Ritchie, the beloved Aunt Lily of the Winchester sisters. She was indeed a very lily, exquisitely blond and beautiful and an admirable actress. Her life "The Autobiography of an Actress" is interesting reading.

This is as Mother remembered the circumstances but on reading Mrs. Mowatt's Autobiography, I found that Mother was not wholly correct. Mr. James Mowatt, a wealthy young New Yorker, married Anna Cora Ogden when she was just a child, barely fifteen. For some years they lived in luxury; then, on his losing first his money and later his sight, his beautiful young wife went on the stage and was received, both in the United States and in England, as a great actress. After his death she gave up the stage, wrote her autobiography, in 1853, and

presently married Mr. Ritchie who was evidently the Southern husband whose tenets she could not accept.

Her beautiful home at Bello Sguardo with its wide view over lovely Firenze, was always open to the three young sisters, and there during the last two or three years of Mother's girlhood in Italy, they spent much of their time. The Villa del' Ombrellino—it derived its name from an umbrella-shaped summer house, set on the heights—was the scene of many and many private theatricals, at which Mother excelled.

It was there too that she saw so much of the handsome and charming young Greek, Ion Perdicaris. His mother was a beautiful Southern heiress, Miss Hanford; his father, Greek, and to show how small the world is, Ion Perdicaris had been in Father's class of '60 in Harvard, although he did not graduate. There is an adorable picture of Mother and Ion Perdicaris, taken when she was about fifteen, and he a few years older, both in costume. I don't wonder that Father, who met her two or three years later in Boston, fell in love with her; the only wonder is that Ion Perdicaris did not.

His later history, while in no way a part of

Mother's Italian life, is so romantic that I must just mention it. He married a very wealthy English widow with children, and lived in great splendor in Tangier. When Marion was married an announcement was sent to him, which he acknowledged by an agreeable letter. Later Mother gave a letter of introduction to him to one of the History Class, Mrs. Huntress, I believe, who was going to Tangier. She wrote to Mother an enthusiastic account of the royal way in which she and her friends had been entertained. He was at his country place some few miles from the city and sent an escort of Arabs, each one leading a donkey, to bring his guests to him. Their dinner was sumptuous, sumptuously served. A footman stood behind each chair, deftly serving, under the direction of two or three butlers, course after course of rich and varied food, while the number and kinds of wine served during the long repast were scarcely to be counted.

Still later, when he was an old gentleman, Mr. Perdicaris' story became public history when he and his son were carried off into the desert by Raisuli, the Moroccan bandit, who demanded a huge ransom for them. The famous message from

John Hay, Roosevelt's Secretary of State, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead" settled the matter, and Mr. Perdicaris and his son were released.

In the fall of 1866, my grandmother decided to return to America. I imagine that perhaps the tuberculosis of which she died in less than two years, may have caused her to feel that she wished her young daughters to be in their own land among their relatives.

Charlotte and Florence, who were older, had been allowed to go to balls,—the very special ones being those given by the Grand Duke, for all this was before a United Italy came into existence. Grandmother thought that Hetta, although really too young to appear in such formal society, should have at least one ball as an experience to look back upon in after years. And Mother did go to just one ball, an event which she has always remembered.

Think of the brilliancy of such an affair. The long beautiful rooms of the Pitti Palace, with their marvellous pictures, the soft light shining from thousands of wax candles; the beautiful women in their glittering jewels, and their varied and lovely evening gowns,—those were the days of the full skirt, be it remembered,—; the men, by

HETTA

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no means the somber figures of our evening affairs, but resplendent creatures in vivid uniforms with rows of medals across their chests. There was one beautiful long room after another, with the gay moving throng in each; one orchestra after another playing dreamy rhythmic waltzes; still further were the supper rooms, with long tables placed all around the large rooms where attentive waiters served supper all night long and poured delicious punches. Do you wonder the young Winchester sisters were thrilled!

There were many balls which the older girls attended. Many were given at the Palazzo Borghese; the wealthy banker, Fenzi, he whose wife was so handsome, each year gave one superb ball at his palace. But the one which Mother was permitted to attend was at the Pitti Palace in honor of Victor Emmanuel II, not yet king of all Italy, who had gone to Florence, which was for the time being the capital of Italy, in November 1865, to open the first new Parliament. He was present at the brilliant ball as were also his Queen, his daughter, Maria Pia, and her young husband, King Louis I of Portugal. Their grandson was Manuel II, the last, exiled King of Portugal.

The girls wore tarlatan dresses, with white

"puffings" all the way up the skirt. Mother carried a bouquet of violets and camellias, one of the stiff flat kind which we used to call old-fashioned but which are now again the vogue, and which was sent to her by Alfred Austin, with whom she danced. It was an unforgettable evening and again it is one of those scenes of her girlhood which Mother has made live for us.

It was in December, 1866, that they started for home, Grandmother, Charlotte, and Hetta. Florence was with her father's family in Dresden. Grandmother this time decided to sail from France, to stop for a time in Paris and to cross the Alps by diligence. The train took them as far as Turin, and from there to San Michel, over the Mont Cenis Pass, the trip was by diligence. These inhabitants of sunny Italy thought that with their warm winter coats and their linsey-woolsey dresses—Aunt Charlotte's gray and Mother's blue—they were amply protected from the weather. Little did they know the Alps and all unprepared were they for the blizzard which enveloped them.

This blizzard nearly proved fatal, for the heavy diligence, vainly trying to plough its way through the snow, finally overturned and the passengers

had to be carried through the storm to an Inn. Presently sleighs were provided and the rest of the perilous journey, which took twenty-four hours, was made by sleigh. There was a kindly priest in the diligence and a still more kindly and very beautiful Russian lady, travelling with her maid,—a princess she must be, thought Hetta,—so wrapped in furs was she. The poor travellers from Italy were well nigh frozen and it was only the many extra furs of the Russian princess which saved them. To be sure their benefactress did incur the wrath of my grandmother by asking if the young and handsome Mr. Matteini were her son.

And here we say farewell to Mr. Matteini; of the rest of his life we know nothing, save that at one time he had a mother and sister living in Pistoia and that he himself was alive in 1905.

Although the "huge double house" on Chapman Place was no longer open to them, Grandmother Mears, still indomitable for all her eighty-seven years, was waiting to welcome her daughter Harriette and the two young sisters. After her mother's death early in 1867, Grandmother with Charlotte and Hetta lived on Boylston Place, with Aunt Marion. For more than a year Grand-

mother lingered, dying of tuberculosis, but her sufferings were lightened by the skill of a young physician with gentle voice and twinkling blue eyes. His frequent visits were paid not only from solicitude for his patient, but also at the instigation of the lover's passion, and before she died Grandmother knew that her baby, Hetta, was to marry the young Dr. Swan.

A year later, June 24, 1869, the ceremony was performed by Dr. Ezra Gannett, at the Arlington Street Church and the wedding breakfast was at the Kingsbury house in Boylston Place.

SONGS AND SAYINGS

Any account of Mother's life in Italy, however brief and fragmentary, would be incomplete without saying something about the songs she used to sing to me. I do not know how Marion and Walter felt toward the songs when they were little children but I was particularly fond of them and I am going to set down the words as accurately as I can. Mother's voice used to be very sweet and very true and the mystery of the foreign words made the songs all the more fascinating for me.

There was one we used to sing as a round, a very familiar little quatrain.

"Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques,
Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?
Sonnez les matines! Sonnez les matines!
Ding! Dang! Dong!"

This is sung to the air of "Scotland's burning."

Another French song was a familiar little thing.

"Qui vient à ma fenêtre?
C'est l'oiseau messager,
Il m'apporte une lettre
A moi, pauvre étranger.

Ici l'on me delaisse
Point d'amical bonjour,
La-bas tout s'interesse
A moi, la nuit et le jour.

Cher petit, au village
Rapportez mes adieux,
Dis aux miens qu'on voyage
Ma pensée est près d'eux."

There was a third French song, a child's song, which I never liked as much as some of the songs, and indeed, I preferred the Italian songs to the French anyway.

"J'ai plumé la tête de mon alouette,
J'ai plumé la tête de mon alouette,
J'ai plumé la tête de mon alouette,
Allons plumez la donc, l'alouette au
tour du long."

I may be a bit uncertain about the words of the last line,—I never was quite sure of the meaning,—but the song goes on indefinitely adding, one by one, to the woes of the poor lark till at the end it reads:

"J'ai plumé la tête de mon alouette,
J'ai plumé la tête de mon alouette,
J'ai plumé la tête, le dos, une aile,
deux ailes, la queue, le cou et
le bec, de mon alouette,
Allons plumez la donc, l'alouette au
tour du long."

HETTA DE KARAJAN

A French hymn which Mother used to sing I have always liked. It is sung to the music of Long, Long Ago, an Irish folk song whose music was written by T. H. Bayley.

"Pour moi chrétien la terre est un ennui,
Mais tout est bien, mais tout est bien.
Au ciel enfin je serai tout à lui,
Oui tout à lui, oui tout a lui.
Pourquoi chercher la terreur ou l'ennui?
Christ est à moi demain comme aujourd'hui.
Au ciel enfin je serai tout à lui,
Oui, tout à lui, oui tout à lui."

There is just one other French song that I can recall and this is my favorite, both for the lovely words and for the music.

"La Suisse est belle,
O qu'il la faut chérir,
Sâchons pour elle
Vivre et mourir.

Passez les monts, passez les mers,
Goutez de cent climats divers,
Et puis au bout de l'univers,
Vous chanterez fidèle,

La Suisse est belle,
O qu'il la faut chérir,
Sâchons pour elle,
Vivre et mourir."

In my mind the Italian songs were very different in atmosphere from the French songs. I found this to be very true when I came to look up in books about the songs she sang. The Italian songs were mostly of the stirring days of the Risorgimento and were sung both in the days of '48 and of '61. Mother used to call them "street songs" and they were indeed songs sung everywhere in the streets by the music loving Florentines.

One of the war songs was L'Addio del Voluntario, a song which was on everyone's lips whistled and sung, in gay mood or in sad, but always with a certain bravado as the soldiers marched away against the hated Austrians. Mother, who sang only the first verse, said "This is the first street song I remember hearing before I came to America. I must have been five or six." I have found many stanzas of which I have selected the following.

"Addio, mia bella, addio!
L'armata se ne và.
Se non partissi anch'io,
Sarebbe una viltà.
Grandi saranno l'ire,
Grande il morir sarà;
Si mora! È un bel morire
Morir per libertà!

Non è fraterna guerra
La guerra ch'io farò;
Dall'italiana terra
L'estranio caccierò.
Il sacco è preparato,
Il fucile l'ho con me,
E allo spuntar del sole
Io partirò da te.
Non pianger mio tesoro;
Forse ritornerò
Ma se in battaglia moro,
In Ciel ti rivedrò.
Alla mia tomba appresso,
La gloria sederà.
E invece del cipresso
Un fior vi spunterà.
Quel fiore, idolo amato,
I tre colori avrà,
Bacialo e di ch'è nato,
In suol de libertà!
Si stracci il giallo e nero,
Simbolo del dolor;
E l'Italiano altero
Innalzi il tricolor!

One of my favorites, one which went with a great deal of vim, was All' armi. I am giving both Mother's version and the slightly different one I found in a volume by Giuseppe Tigri.*

* Canti Popolari Toscani da Giuseppe Tigri, Firenze, 1860, xxx.

Mother's

"All'armi, all'armi, all'armi,
Son pronti i battaglioni
Le bombe e i cannoni,
La mort', la mort', la mort',
A fulminar', a fulminar', a fulminar'.
Suona la tromba, tutto rimbomba,
Viva la guerra, viva la guerra, viva la guerra!"

Tigri's

"All'armi, all'armi!
Soldati, all'armi, all'armi!
Son pronti, i battaglioni,
I brandi, ed i cannoni,
La morte a fulminar.
Del suon di tromba
Tutta rimbomba
L'itala terra. . .
Viva la guerra!
Marciam! trà. trà."

It is quite interesting to note the variations between Mother's songs and the printed versions I have found. Thus in the following one,

Delle spade fiero lampo,

Mother gave the first four lines a quiet legato touch while the music I finally found made the whole thing, what as an Inno di Guerra, it should be, a quick march. Here again I lean to Moth-

er's version, as the familiar one, and I am giving only the first of several stanzas, and using, as in every case but one, the music which Robert Gibb has written, in preference to that found printed.

"Delle spade il fiero lampo
Troni e popoli svegliò:
Italiani al campo, al campo,
È la madre che chiamò.
Su corriamo in battaglioni
Fra il rimbombo dei cannoni,
L'elmo in testa, in man l'acciar;
Viva il Re dall'Alpi al mar!
Viva il Re! Viva il Re!"

A song which Mother says is her favorite of all is one by Gordigiano. She did not sing it to us as frequently as the others, very likely because its sad strains brought tears to her young listeners.

TEMPO PASSATO, PERCHÈ NON RITORNI?

"Speranza del mio cor
Eri una volta,
Or ti sei' fatta la speranza altrui:
Non ti ricordi più
Di quei bei giorni?
Ch'eramo innamorati tutti e due?
Ah! Tempo passato perchè non ritorni?
Ti ho scritto tante volte

Innutilmente,
E sempre invano attende
La risposta;
Dimmi perchè ti sono
Indifferente,
Ma scrivi per pietà!
Cosa ti costa?
Ah! Tempo passato perchè non ritorni?"

There were two exquisite little songs neither of which can claim to be lovelier, in my mind, than the other, Giulia Gentil and Addio Firenze. Mother repeated four lines of the former over and over, to the three variations of the music. Great was my joy, on finding the whole song, to see what a gay coquette the lovely Julia was, with no intention of giving her heart to the first youth who asked for it. Here are all the words.

GIULIA GENTIL.

Uomo. Giulia gentil, dal bel color,
Ah tu non sai che sia l'amor;
Ma forse un dì ti batta il cuor,
Allor saprai che sia l'amor.
Ah schiudi ai palpito d'amor,
Giulia gentile, il tuo bel cor;
E non volere, o bel tesor,
Verdermi morto dal dolor.
Ti risovvien di chi t'amò,
Giulia gentil, dal bel color.

Donna. Giovannottin, dal bel color,
Non vo' saper che sia l'amor.
Nè mai quel dì verrà che il cuor
Io schiuda ai palpiti d'amor.
Giovannottin', credilo a me,
Non piangerò giammai per te;
Nè dì verrà, in cui d'amor
Palpiterà per te il mio cuor.
Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Tra la la la, tra la la la.

Uomo. Soave palpito del cor,
Immensa gioja egli è l'amor;
Della fortuna è nel rigor,
Conforto e speme nel dolor.
Ah schiudi, etc.

Donna. Allegra troppo io son così,
Felice passo e notte e dì,
Per me il destin non ha rigor,
Pianto non ha, non ho dolor.
Giovannottin, etc.

Uomo. Dunque so-ridimi, o gentil,
Come sorride un fior d'april;
Unisci o cara, al mio il tuo amor,
Saran felici i nostri cor.
Ah schiudi, etc.

Donna. Forse nascosta in fondo al cuor,
Sta già la fiamma dell'amor,
Ma se quel dì per me verrà,
Per te il mio cor non batterà!
Giovannottin, etc.

The other exquisite little song is a farewell to beloved Florence, and I give it all from an old copy of the song which Mother brought with her from her lovely birthplace.

ADDIO FIRENZE

Addio Firenze
Firenze addio
Se piace a Dio
Ti rivedrò
E tra la-li-la-li-la
li-la e tra la-la-la
Se piace a Dio
Ti rivedrò

Ad imbarcarmi
Vado a Livorno
Ma il mio ritorno
Presto sarà
E tra la-li-la-li-la
li-la e tra la-la-la
Il mio ritorno
Presto sarà

D'aver fortuna
Spero sul mare
Di ritornare
Pensiero avrò
E tra la-li-la-li-la
li-la e tra la-la-la
Di ritornare
Pensiero avrò

Addio Cascine
Addio Lung'arno
Non spero indarno
Vi rivedrò
E tra la-li-la-li-la
li-la e tra la-la-la
Non spero indarno
Vi rivedrò

Mia Bella addio
Parte il Vapore
A tal dolore
Regger non sò
E tra la-li-la-li-la
li-la e tra la-la-la
A tal dolore
Regger non sò

There are a few Italian phrases which Mother used from time to time and these I am setting down here.

"Chi va piano, va sano e va lontano."

Who goes gently (or softly), goes safely and far.

"Gentilmente, con due dita."

Daintily, literally with two fingers, not grasped with the whole fist.

"A letto, a letto, dice la farfalla,
E chi non va a letto, dorme nella stala."

To bed, to bed, says the butterfly, he who doesn't go to bed must sleep in the stable.

Here is an irresistible phrase.

"Ninnoli—nannoli, ceralacca e spago."

It is used as we use the phrase "odds and ends" but its literal translation is, forsooth, "sealing-wax and twine"!

There is one Italian story Mother used to tell which we all delighted in. An Englishman in Florence went to an Italian tailor and explained to him just what kind of a coat he wished made. He said, "I do not want it made 'bottoni, bottoni, bottoni,' " indicating on himself buttons an inch apart, "but 'bottoni, aspetta un poco (button, wait a little while) bottoni, aspetta un poco, bottoni aspetta un poco,' " indicating the requisite positions by pointing down the front of his coat intervals some four inches apart. Let us hope his buttons were satisfactory.

HETTA DE KARAJAN

1868

HOUSES

Grandmother and her daughters lived in several houses in Florence, during their two sojourns there. I am giving a list of them as nearly as I can make it in chronological order, and with a note attached to each so that each house may have some association of its own.

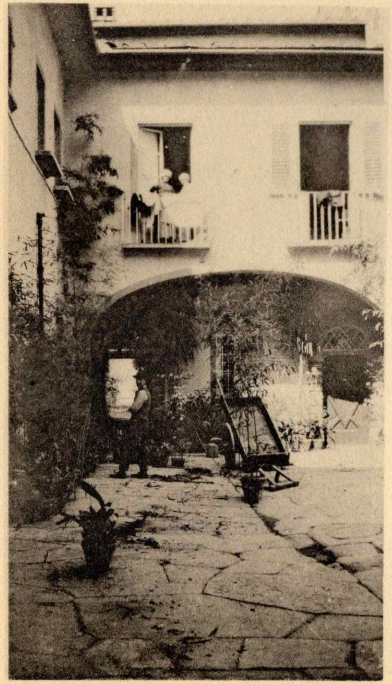
Where Mother was born she does not know. Her earliest recollection is of the Villa, or Villino, Larghisver' where took place the episode of the wooden cow. The greater part of her early childhood was spent in the Villa Ginori, owned by Prince Ginori, of the famous Porcellana Ginori, comparable with Sevres, at Signa, near Florence. In that house was the *Stanza di Fondo,* and through the lovely garden wound the funeral procession of young Signor Carlino. Shortly before leaving Florence they lived in Casa Fensi, on the Via Larga, now the Via Cavour, which was on the other side of the Arno, the Uffizzi side.

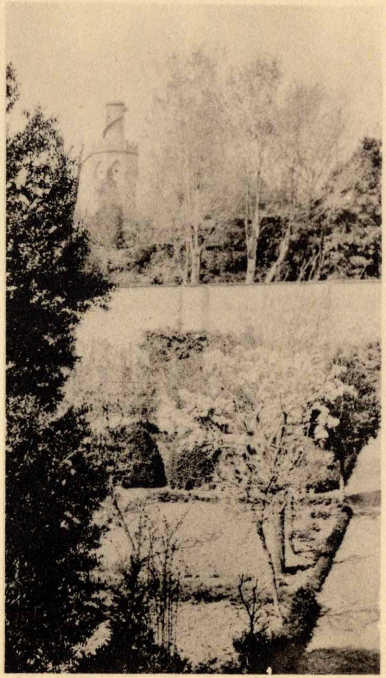
On their return to Italy, in 1861, they lived, for one week only, in the Via dei Serragli; the apartment was too cold for permanency.

The house on Via Maggio, which had the slanting passage which used to make Aunt Charlotte seasick, was the house in which they lived the greater part of the time when Mother was at

the Deaconesses' School. It was close to the Ponta Santa Trinita and colse also to the Brownings' house, Casa Guidi. Howells and Larkin Mead were among the frequent visitors at the Via Maggio house. It was this house too, which, if I am not mistaken, was known as Casa Ponson, where the porter had his quarters in a small room over the door.

For a considerable length of time they lived, so Mother thinks, on the Via Romana, near the Porta Romana, also on the Pitti Side of the river. It was this house which Mother and Marion visited so pleasantly in 1912, and where Marion took her attractive pictures of the garden. This house on the Via Romana was owned, when Mother lived there, by a charming French gentleman. His sister was maid of honor to the Duchesse de Vendée, a Bourbon princess, and she had sworn always to wear her hair short until her beloved mistress came again into her rights. Needless to say that she carried her short hair to her grave. James Jackson Jarvis, the collector of the Jarvis pictures in the Yale Art School, lived across the street from them on the Via Romana. Marion feels a little doubtful about the situation of this house: she thinks it is on the Via dei Serragli. In June, 1865, an old letter shows, they





108 VIA DEI SERRAGLI

In 1912

were living in No. 108 Via dei Serragli and the house which Marion and Mother visited, whose garden, as the picture shows, adjoined the Giardino Torrigiani, was on the Via dei Serragli.

The last house which I have on my list is that on the Fondaccio Santo Spirito, so called because the rear of the house backed up against the wall of the Church of Santo Spirito. In this house the front was on the Lung'arno, and the two parlors overlooked the historic river. Here they lived for about a year and it was here that Alfred Austin used most frequently to come. A more famous incident connected with the house at Fondaccio Santo Spirito is the terrible flood of that year, probably 1864, when the river rose and the waters flowed through their entry and their food was brought in boats. The dates and the height of the water were marked on a house on the opposite side of the river. One of the pictures in the little mosaic album shows the angry waters of the Arno.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

These notes on Mother's family I am giving so that the younger generation may not be too confused in trying to place all the sisters and the cousins and the aunts.

(1) Grandfather Mears. Elijah Mears, born in Tewksbury, Mass., May 11, 1778. Died in Boston, March 2, 1858. He married

(2) Grandmother Mears, April 8, 1802. She was Catherine Marshall Raymond, born in Boston, Dec. 25, 1778; died there, Feb. 16, 1867.

Their children, mentioned in this narrative, were,

(3) Uncle Granville. Granville Mears, born, Aug. 16, 1809; died, Aug. 4, 1870.

(4) Aunt Cathy. Catherine Mears, born in Boston, March 1, 1808; died there, July 24, 1892.

(5) Grandmother. Harriette Henchman Mears, the youngest daughter, born in Boston, Jan. 26, 1816; died there, July 2, 1868, at the home of her eldest daughter, Aunt Marion (11), Mrs. George H. Kingsbury.

She married three times: her first husband was

(6) Edmund Winchester, whom she married in Boston, Nov. 12, 1833. He was born, Feb. 16, 1811, and died November 15, 1845.

Grandmother's second husband was

(7) The Chevalier Nicolas Théodore de Karajan, whom she married in Leghorn, 1847. He was my mother's father. In the de Karajan genealogy his name is

given as Thomas Nicolaus von Karajan, born at Chemnitz, March 24, 1812; died, at Blasowitz, Feb. 20, 1872.

His father was (8) Nicolaus Charisius von Karajan, born in Macedonia, 1762; died, in Chemnitz, April 12, 1816. His mother was (9) Angelica N——, born in 1786; died at Chemnitz, March 31, 1819. It is these two, my great-grandfather and great-grandmother, (numbers 8 and 9), whose little miniatures we have always had, and it is her grandfather, Nicolaus Charisius von Karajan (8) whom Mother is so much like.

Grandmother's third husband was

(10) Giuseppe Carlo Matteini, whom she married in Paris in 1858. We have no dates for him, except that he was fifteen years younger than Grandmother and therefore born about 1831 and that he was alive in 1905.

The children of (5) Harriette Mears and (6) Edmund Winchester were,

1. (11) Aunt Marion. Marion Winchester, born, July 30, 1836; married, Dec. 30, 1858,
   (12) George Henry Kingsbury; died, Jan. 14, 1902. He was born in Kennebunk, Maine, March 4, 1827 and died, March 24, 1899.
2. (13) Aunt Fanny. Fanny Winchester, born, Oct. 9, 1838; married, May 9, 1866,
   (14) Uncle Justus. Justus Street Hotchkiss. He was born Feb. 4, 1831, and died Nov. 12, 1915. Aunt Fanny died, Jan. 12, 1912.

3. (15) Aunt Susy. Susan Winchester, born, Jan. 29, 1840; married, Oct. 19, 1865,
(16) Uncle Sim. Simeon E. Baldwin, born, Feb. 5, 1840.
4. (17) Aunt Charlotte. Charlotte Winchester, born, Feb. 12, 1846; died, Aug. 18, 1904.

The children of (5) Harriette Mears and (7) Nicolas Théodore de Karajan were,

5. (18) Aunt Florence. Florence Winchester de Karajan, born, Feb. 9, 1848; married, April 22, 1878, (19) Uncle Bradford. Joseph Bradford Sargent. He was born, Dec. 14, 1822, and died, July 15, 1907.
6. (20) Mother. Harriet Winchester de Karajan, born, May 3, 1849; married, June 24, 1869, (21) Father. Charles Walter Swan, born Feb. 6, 1838, in Lowell, Mass.; died, Dec. 1, 1921, in Branford, Conn.

These were the Six Sisters.

There were no children from the marriage of (5) Harriette Mears and (10) Giuseppe Carlo Matteini.

The children of (11) Aunt Marion and (12) George H. Kingsbury were

1. (22) Florence Winchester Kingsbury, born, April 1, 1860; died, July 5, 1876.
2. (23) Fanny Winchester Kingsbury, born, March 4, 1861; died, Sept. 28, 1919.
3. (24) King. Edmund Winchester Kingsbury, born, Sept. 12, 1862; married, May 15, 1894, (25) Helen Ovington, born Dec. 6, 18—.

Their children are,

(26) Teddy. Theodore Ovington Kingsbury, born, Nov. 2, 1906.

(27) Betty. Elizabeth Winchester Kingsbury, born, July 23, 1908.

4. (28) Mamie or Daisy. Marion Kingsbury, born, April 24, 1864; married, Oct. 12, 1886, (29) Charles Brooks Appleton. He was born October 1, 1862 and died March 18, 1924. Marion Appleton died June 24, 1919. Her wedding was the first I ever went to as her mother's wedding was the first my mother ever attended.
5. (30) Maud Lincoln Kingsbury, born, April 15, 1865; died, April 1, 1921.

The children of (15) Aunt Susy and (16) Uncle Sim are as follows:

1. (31) Florence Winchester Baldwin, born, Jan. 10, 1868; died, Sept. 16, 1872.
2. (32) Roger Sherman Baldwin, born, Jan. 17, 1869; married, May 3, 1910, (33) Olive Louise Porter, born, Oct. 10, 18—.
3. (34) Helen Harriet Baldwin, born, Jan. 27, 1872; married, March 4, 1899, (35) Warren Randall Gilman, born, Dec. 14, 1861; died, May 2, 1920.
   Their children are
   (36) Charlotte Wentworth Gilman, born, Jan. 24, 1900.
   (37) Bradley Baldwin Gilman, born, March 31, 1904.

Mother's (20) and Father's (21) children are,

1. (38) Marion Nickerson Swan, born, March 18, 1870; married, May 12, 1897, (39) Stephen Smith Bartlett, born, Feb. 14, 1861.

Their children are,

(40) Charles Lothrop Bartlett, born, June 23, 1898.

(41) Rosamond Bartlett, born, Nov. 13, 1899.

2. (42) Walter Buckingham Swan, born, July 13, 1871; married, Oct. 31, 1896, (43) Carolyn Warren Leavitt, born, April 9, 1863.

Their child is,

(44) Eleanor Swan, born, March 29, 1904.

3. (45) Edith Rosamond Swan, born, Aug. 11, 1880; married, June 10, 1905, (46) Alfred Emil Hammer, born, March 8, 1858.

(7), Thomas Nicolaus de Karajan, married, as his second wife, June 3, 1861, (47) Clara King, born, Feb. 25, 1838; died, Oct. 21, 1910.

Their children are as follows:

(48) Stephanie, born, Jan. 26, 1863.

(49) Helen, born, May 7, 1864.

(50) Arthur Nicolaus, born, Aug. 16, 1865; died, Aug. 4, 1908. He married, Jan. 11, 1902, (51) Erna Hertle.

(52) Alma, born, June 25, 1870.

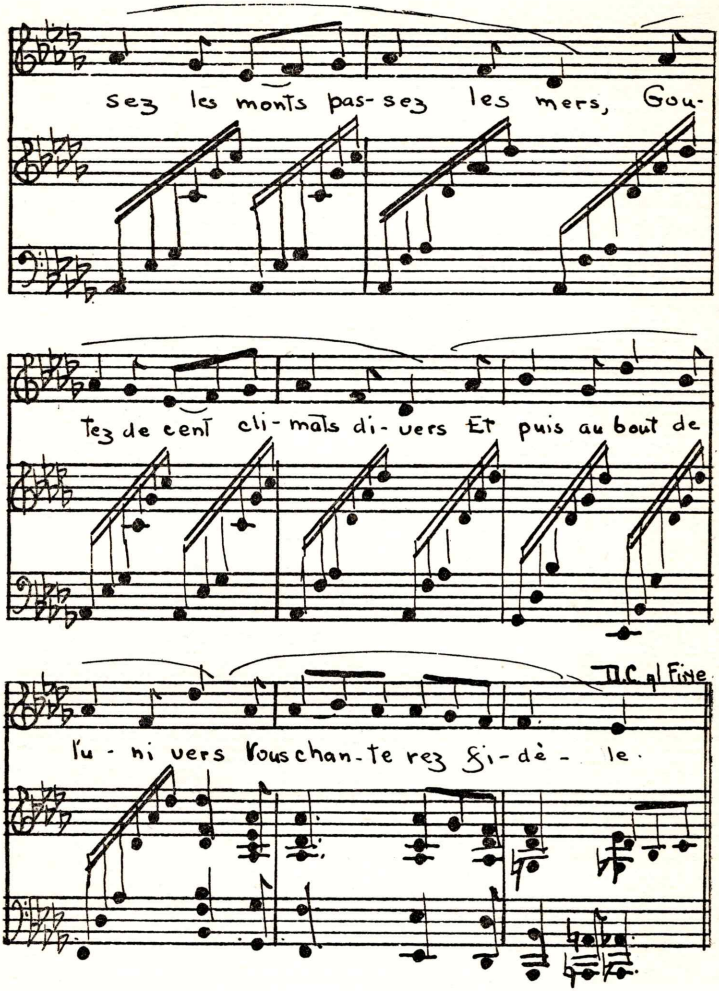
MUSIC

L'OISEAU MESSAGER

— L'ALOUETTE —

J'ai plu-mé la tête de mon a-lou-ette J'ai plu-mé la
lête, le dos, une aile, deux ailes de mon a-lou-ette al-
la queue, la cou et le bec
lons plu-mez la donc, l'a-louette au tour du long

LA SUISSE EST BELLE


sez les monts pas-sez les mers, Gou-
tez de cent cli-mats di-vers Et puis au bout de
D.C. al Fine
l'u-ni vers Vous chan-te rez Si-dè-le.

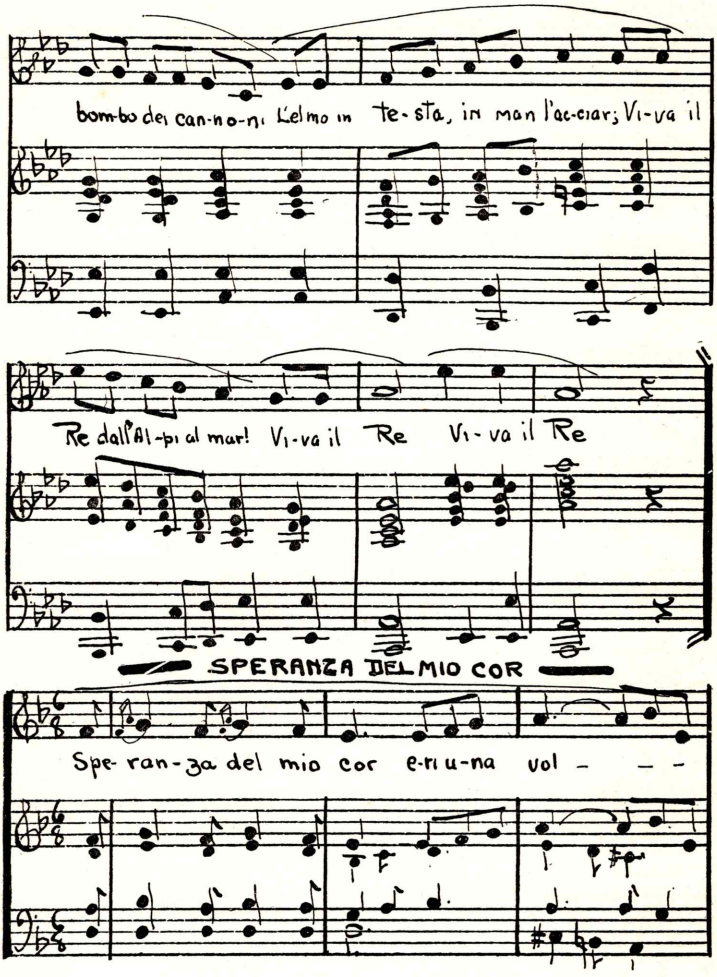
ADDIO DEL VOLONTARIO

na vil - Tà — - - Se
non par - tis - si an - chi - o sa - reb-be un
na vil - Tà

ALL' ARMI
All' ar - mi, all' ar - mi, all' ar — mi Son
pron-ti i bat-Ta- gli-o - ni Le bom-be e i can-
no - ni La mort', la mort', la

morl' A ful-mi-nar, a ful-mi-nar, a ful-mi-nar. Suo-na la
trom-ba, tut-to rim bom-ba Vi-va la guer-ra, vi-va la guer - ra
Ritard
— vi - va la guer — ra
Ritard

INNO DI GUERRA
Del-le spa-de il fie-ro lam-po Tro-ni e po-po-li sue-
gliò: I-ta-lia-ni al cam-po, al cam-po, È la
ma-dre che chia-mò Su cor-ria-mo in bat-ta-glio-ni Fra-il rim


bom-bo dei can-no-ni. L'elmo in te-sta, in man l'ac-ciar; Vi-va il
Re dall'Al-pi al mar! Vi-va il Re Vi-va il Re
SPERANZA DEL MIO COR
Spe-ran-za del mio cor e-ri u-na vol - - -

ta, — or Ti sei sat - ta la spe - ranza al-
Tru-i Non ti ri - cor - di più di quel - la
vol — — ta — ch'e-ramo in-na - mo

ra-ti tutti e du - e? non ti ri-cordi più non ti ri-
cordi più di quei bei gior-ni? ah Tem - popas-
sa-to per-chè non ri-tor - ni!

GIULIA GENTIL

pal - pi-To d'a-mor, Giu-lia gen-Ti - le, il Tuo bel
cor; E non va- le - re, o belTe-sor Ve-der-mi
mor- To dal do-lor Ti ri - sou-

vien di chi t'a-
mò, Giu- lia gen-
til dal bel co- lor

ADDIO FIRENZE